

# A NEW-YEARS-GIFT FOR THE R U M P.

**Y**OU may have heard of the Politique Snout,  
Or a tale of a Tub, with the bottom out,  
But scarce of a Parliament in a shitten clout.

*Which no body can deny.*

'Twas Atkins first serv'd this Rump in with Mustard,  
The Sauce was a compound of Courage, and Custard;  
So Vane blis'd the Creature: Noll snuffed, and Bluster'd.

*Which no body can deny.*

The Right was as then, in Old Oliver's Nose,  
But when the Devil, of that did dispose,  
It Descended from thence, to the Rump, in the Cloze.

*Which no body can deny.*

Nor is it likely there to stay long,  
The Retentive faculties being gone,  
The Fuggle is stale, and Money there's none.

*Which no body can deny.*

The Secluded Members made a Trial  
To Enter, but them the Rump did defy all,  
By the Ordinance of Self-denial.

*Which no body can deny.*

Our Politique Doctors do us Teach,  
That a Blond-sucking Red-coat's as good as a Leech,  
To Relieve the Head, if appl'd to the Breech.

*Which no body can deny.*

But never was such a worm as Vane;  
When the State scour'd last, it voided him then,  
Yet now he's crept into the Rump again.

*Which no body can deny.*

Ludlow's Fart, was a Prophetique Trump:  
(There never was any thing so Jump)

'Twas the very Type, of a note of this Rump.

*Which no body can deny.*

They say 'tis good Luck, when a Body rises  
With the Rump upward; but he that advises  
to Live in that Posture, is none of the wisest.

*Which no body can deny.*

The Reason is worse, though the Rime be Untoward,  
When things proceed with the wrong end Forward,  
But they say their's sad news to the Rump, from the Nor'ward.

*Which no body can deny.*

'Tis a wonderfull thing the strength of that Part,  
At a Blast, it will take you a Team from a Cart;  
And Blow a mans Head away with a Fart.

*Which no body can deny.*

When our Brains are sunk below the Middle,  
And our Consciences steer'd by the hey-down Diddle,  
Then things will go round without a Fiddle.

*Which no body can deny.*

You may Order the City with a Hand-Granado,  
Or the General with a Bastonado,  
But no way for a Rump like a Carbonado.

*Which no body can deny.*

To make us as famous in Council, as Wars,  
Here's Lenthall, a Speaker for mine —  
And Fleetwood is a man of Mars.

*Which no body can deny.*

'Tis pity that Nedham's Fall'n into Disgrace,  
For he Orders a Bumme with a marvellous Grace,  
And ought to attend the Rump by his Place.

*Which no body can deny.*

Yet this in spite of all Disasters,  
Although he hath Broken the Heads of his Masters,  
'Tis still his Profession, to give 'em all Plasters.

*Which no body can deny.*

Let em cry down the Pope, till their Throats are sore,  
Their design was to bring him in at the Back-door:  
For the Rump ha's a mind to the scarlet whore.

*Which no body can deny.*

And this is a Truth at all hands confest,  
However unskillfull in any of the rest,  
The Rump speaks the Language of the Beast.

*Which no body can deny.*

They talk that Lambert is like to be try'd  
For Treason, and Buggerie beside,  
Because that he did the Rump bestride.

*Which no body can deny.*

The Rump's an old storie, if well understood,  
'Tis a thing dress'd up in a Parliaments Hood;  
And like't, but the Tayl stands where the Head should.

*Which no body can deny.*

'Twould make a man scratch, where it does not itch,  
To see forty Fools Heads in one Politique Breech,  
And That, — Hugging the Nation as the Devil did the witch.

*Which no body can deny.*

From rotten Members preserve our VVives:  
From the mercie of a Rump, our Estates and our Lives:  
For they must needs go, whom the Devil Drives.

*Which no body can deny.*

FINIS.